The Inquirer

Christmas Number

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IT MAY BE SO

FOR the first time since Christendom was really established the Christian Churches are in a minority in nearly every Christian land. No revolution has been quite as important as this. It may not be a bad thing for Christian Churches. They are being forced to adapt themselves to a minority position. The sword in a number of ways has entered into their sides. From this experience new insights may come.

They may be of the utmost importance for the spirit of man. The religion of the West may still have the power to declare a new relation between God and man ; and if it can do that, it can do it for all men everywhere.

The religious symbolism of Christmas may still hold the key as to what can happen. The moment of time, described by T. S. Eliot, when time was really made through the sudden slash of light into darkness two thousand years ago, may well be a description of what takes place again and again, in the traffic between God and man.

It may well be so.

A New Moment of Time

The Catholic Church in setting up a commission to study its relationships with other churches may be moving in a new moment of time in which new time is being made. Nothing of importance. Yet it was nothing of importance (how well it was emphasised) when the angels sang, and shepherds left their flocks, and wise men came from a distance to witness a new born child in a manger. Nothing of importance at all. Indeed it may all be myth. It probably is. But nothing created in the Roman empire of that time (and a mighty empire it was) was as powerful as that myth. Nothing has ever wounded and healed the heart of man so deeply, and shaken him constantly in unknown depths.

If anything is known of Christianity throughout the length and breadth of the world it is through the Christmas story. Nothing makes such living touch with all men everywhere as its hidden mysteries.

Let It Be Granted

It is not odd that the declared and dedicated leaders of the church of Christ should embrace one another. The one odd thing about it is that it is regarded as odd. Let the eleven ornate rooms through which the Archbishop of Canterbury had to walk before he saw the Pope be taken for granted. Let the splendour of the Vatican, or the jewelled crown of the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church in Istanbul, or the fact that the act of worship carried out by him could not be seen but only heard, so mysterious and sacred are the priests, let it all be taken for granted. Let the superstitions marked in the topography of Jerusalem be taken for granted, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, one time headmaster of one of the greatest schools in this country, apparently accepting them all. Let the priesthood itself be taken for granted. It has always been there. Let all this be taken for granted but it belongs to the time that must always be broken by a new moment of time. It belongs to everything that must be broken again and again to let the true light in.

The true light may be breaking in.

A Little Dazed

Catholicism, where it notices such trivial matters, may be a little dazed as to the meaning of the Archbishop's visit. There never has been a divided church (according to Catholicism) there never can be; the one true church was established from the beginning. Everybody else is wrong except the Catholic Church. That must be obvious. Yet nevertheless let us in deep courtesy and in the spirit of Christ receive the Archbishop. Let us go further. Let us examine our relationships with those who declare themselves Christians although they are not Catholics. There may be something in it all that we have missed. There may be.

The Archbishop of Canterbury too may be in some haze about it all. It can be, as he was reported as saying, everything and nothing.

The Incarnation

But what if lifted above it all there is a new vision of Christ—God incarnated in the symbolism of the Christian Religion ? What if it is only one sign in the world, that the things of this world, the ornate rooms, the palaces, the jewels, the crowns, the superstitions and the denying theories of men, are being broken through once again, and the unseen presence of God is becoming immanent in the comparative darkness of the trivialities ?

It may be true as Thomas Hardy hoped it may be that the breathing cattle are gathered about the new-born babe, and that all there, near the manger, are kneeling in prayer.

To look for the incarnation of God in the world of today as it is, and to believe that things as they are must be continuously smitten by things as they are not—this may be the true penetration of Christmas in the year 1960.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE from the President of the General Assembly

By Mr. A. L. Blake

(Mr. Blake, who is a sheep-farmer, will be spending this Christmas in watching his sheep on a huge sheep-ranch in Patagonia. He will soon return for his duties as President of the General Assembly.)

OUR list of friends and relations to whom we send Christmas cards is revealing. We find that with less than half of them do we normally communicate during the rest of the year, which is all the more reason for valuing this annual link with old friends for which Christmas brings a reminder.

This leads me to the conclusion (and the misquotation) that if Christmas did not exist it would have to have been invented, if only in order that for one short season of the year we may combine to foster happiness among young and old, and, for many, to pray that greater goodwill *between* men will lead to peace on earth.

Reflecting on the Gospel story, a sheep-farmer naturally looks askance at shepherds who apparently abandoned their flocks out of curiosity for a new star. Perhaps, after all, they did shut them for safety into a nearby fold before leaving them, or were relieved in their vigil by other members of the family, but, as so often in the Gospels, interesting details are omitted or obscure. In fact it appears that the most we can say about the birth of Jesus with reasonable certainty is that it was a joyful event in spite of taking place in humble surroundings.

To me the most unfortunate gap in the Gospel narrative is between the boyhood of Jesus and the time when he began his ministry. Did he really spend the whole of it working as a carpenter or did he perchance go further afield ? In Glastonbury they cling affectionately to the legend that he travelled to their shore with Joseph of Arimathea the merchant. Although it was a physical possibility at the time and Glastonbury is known to have been a trading centre, the legend has no historical backing—and yet—why was Joseph so fond of Jesus that he gave up his tomb for him after the Crucifixion, and in what better way could a young man have learnt that different races are brothers and sisters under their skins than by mixing with them in foreign market places ?

Plausible speculation at the best, but speculation in these matters is a Unitarian privilege and how helpful it would have been to know how Jesus trained himself for his epoch-making ministry. Could he have spoken "as one with authority" if his love of humanity had not been tempered by experience ?

It is because he taught us so much of incalculable value that we love to celebrate one day in the year as his Birthday, and in this spirit I wish you all a very happy Christmas.

The Inquirer

wishes all its readers a

Happy Christmas

The Eternal Christmas

By Charles Easton

CHRISTMAS is the mystery of Divine Love made manifest. Its truth abides in the heart that receives it. To go tracking down the historical facts of the traditional stories, as conscientious Unitarians sometimes try to do, is to lose the Way in a tangle of conjecture. Christmas breaks upon our spirits, not with facts, but with Reality. The incarnation stands for God within the life we know. It is not a doctrine to deny but an experience to deepen. The well-loved Christmas pictures were born in the depth of human consciousness to illustrate the continual revelation of God in human experience. Each year we remind ourselves of the power and the love of God by raising our eyes to the stars of the heavens, and by looking upon the glorious spirits who bring goodwill among men. Each year we learn a little more of the mystery of life in the humility of wise men before the child who, when he was lifted up, drew all men unto him.

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At this season one hears on every side sophistication confess its spiritual bankruptcy. "I'm afraid Christmas doesn't mean very much to me." Well might we be afraid to live this human life without the assurance of the Incarnation, which is God in the human soul. Holly and paper-chains cannot make Christmas. Even giving becomes a conventional courtesy without Love. Good food and jollity no more than decorate the season's fellowship unless they are the outward sign of a mystery only known. God is the only meaning of Christmas. Those to whom the season brings a renewed adoration of his presence find no need to " keep up " Christmas. The depth of their worship keeps them continually in the abundance of joy. That is why those who no longer join in traditional merriment find Christmas more richly enjoyed in quietness. Christmas comes upon the midnight clear. Only in silence do we hear the angels sing.

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Christmas is an experience for which we must prepare. We are told continually how many shopping days there are to Christmas. Only the Church, through her Sundays of Advent, reminds us to make use of our worshipping days. To stick on Christmas stamps with deep compassion for the causes they will benefit, and to buy our gifts with eager love, means we must begin our heart's preparation in good time. The world is not saved by dutiful benevolence nor human society enriched by conventional giving. Love and goodwill are the overflowing of our vision of the glory of God. Festivity is the language through which children may read our experience of the Divine Love. If the silent night opens to us the mystery of the Kingdom, we shall find we too are entering into their fun and games with a child-like heart.

When people ask how Unitarians can celebrate Christmas, we reply, Why should they not ? We do not only commemorate the entry of God into human history in the reign of Caesar Augustus, in the little town of Bethlehem. We adore the mystery of God in the human soul everywhere and always. We find " the Incarnation true not of Christ exclusively, but of man universally and God everlastingly ".

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On Christmas morning, when a stranger hails us with "A Happy Christmas" our heart will leap to acknowledge our kinship in the Incarnation. As we enjoy the spices of our seasonable fare, we shall add to our Christian celebrations the experience of our Indian brothers. We shall be joined with them in Brahman incarnate in the many forms of their Eastern worship. When the Christmas bells ring out in exultation of the mystery of God in man, they will proclaim the world's experience of God incarnate. They will ring in the Eternal Christmas.

THE LESSONS OF MY MINISTRY

Two men who had splendid prospects in industry surrendered them and joined the Unitarian Ministry. The Rev. Herbert Crabtree now lives in energetic retirement. The Rev. Stanley Butler is actively working and soon is to leave Gateacre, Liverpool, for a new charge at Dean Row and Styal, Cheshire.

I. *By Herbert Crabtree*

WHEN one has passed the Rubicon of three score years and ten one's mind tends inevitably to become retrospective, though the years that have slipped so irrevocably and insidiously by have not passed into oblivion. Rather do they seem now to live more vividly than when they were attended by too many ephemeral associations. Not all past memories are happy ones. If Barry was right when he said that God gave us memory that we might have roses in December he might well have added that some roses have sharp thorns attached. Yet looking back I am well content with the balance that time has struck.

But let me be more specific. What have I truly and enduringly learned during these years ? Well, first I have learned to be grateful that at the age of 33 I decided to take a sudden plunge into the disturbed waters of the Unitarian ministry, a step which I have never regretted, though I was to be surprised by some illusions. Indeed, at the end of my first week in college I told the Principal that had I not broken down my bridges behind me I would at once have left that institution, a sadder and a wiser man. However, I continued on the course, though sometimes faint but pursuing. One thing I learned in those years for which I have always been grateful was how with modest competence to handle the Bible intelligently and with some degree of expert knowledge. Some of my colleagues have been inclined to dismiss the Bible as an out-moded excrescence among the thought-forms of today, but I cannot agree with them. I am convinced that if a minister cannot speak with the authority of considered knowledge and deep reflection on the significance of Biblical culture he will not make much of a lasting impression on a British congregation.

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Another, and perhaps even more debatable conclusion that I have come to is the long-term inadequacy of a purely humanist appraisal of religion. I cannot find any satisfactory evidence that the natural universe is a self-explanatory and self-enclosed system, especially when I come to consider the implications of human experience, no matter how refined and amplified by scientific techniques our sense perceptions may be : a working philosophy ?—yes; a satisfying religious valuation of the universe ?—no. A Humanist philosophy is concerned with discovering and describing natural phenomena; religion is concerned with the secret which lies behind such phenomena.

Similarly, I believe in immortality. I would not particularise as to the form which such a belief should take, for the connotation of the term can be very wide, but I am convinced that there is a conservation of the higher values of human experience in the supreme order of spiritual being. Let this be denied and religion, especially organised religion, will shrivel and die. And I would add that apart from such conservation of value the phrase Fatherhood of God would have no meaning for me. Let anyone who cares to excise from our Hymns of Worship and Orders of Worship all references to these beliefs, and then reflect upon how few are the dry bones that remain ! "Can these dry bones live ?" Only if the breath of a living spirit can revive them.

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Yet there is one sombre problem which has haunted, and often daunted, me throughout my ministry : the problem of Evil. There have been times when I have thought that I could glimpse my way through it, but then, yet again, I have wondered whether I was not just the victim of a wish-fulfilment. The travail of human suffering throughout the ages—man's inhumanity to man—and the grim rapacity of nature itself cannot be underestimated by any honest thinker today. We know that nature is far redder in tooth and claw than Tennyson ever imagined, and Rousseau's facile optimism has been a heavy drag on liberal thought far too long. The Christian myth would hardly have persisted so long had it not enshrined some deep truth on this matter, yet of course it *is* a myth and we must seek persistently for some more rational explanation. At present we must remain content with the fact that evil and pain and sorrow are not the whole of the story, and that the emergent goodness in human nature again and again reveals itself to be a force against which the gates of Hell cannot prevail.

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Indeed, looking back, I marvel at the immense degree of loving kindness I have myself encountered along the way, what reservoirs of goodwill I have witnessed, and I am well content to know that no tinge of bitterness remains in my heart to disturb the deeper serenity of my being. I have been happy in every one of my churches, and I hope that no one reproaches me for the mistakes I have made. I would wish to have had no other career than that of a Unitarian minister, and I am glad that I took that plunge nearly forty years ago. I had many misgivings at the time, and there was one beside me who had, I knew, even greater misgivings, and I rejoice that there she still is, beside me. If only congregations would realise how much they owe to the patience, courage and abiding affection of ministers' wives, I am sure they would make more strenuous efforts to lighten the financial burdens, the main weight of which always lies on the shoulders of those devoted wives. Happily, I have been among the more fortunate in these as in other matters, and I gratefully conclude by appropriating to myself the words of a minor Old Testament character : "I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me".

II. *By Stanley R. Butler*

DURING the few days before Christmas, greeting cards of all shapes, sizes and descriptions, will come pouring into my letter box. Among them will be a number bearing South Wales and London postmarks, which will bring back nostalgic memories of my Electricity Board days. How vividly I recall the mounting excitement as the days drew near to Christmas and how on the 24th December, if you wanted any jobs done or letters typed, you had better get busy first thing in the morning, for after lunch the Offices were given over to parties and the sound of music and dancing could be heard. All the Chief Officers were strangely blind and deaf on Christmas Eve.

Looking back over the years one can say that they were happy days—there was a fine team spirit among the staff and we had the satisfaction of helping to create a Public Utility Service of which the Country can be proud. We were serving the public by supplying electricity to all forms of industry, commerce, agriculture and the homes of the people. I shall always be humbly proud of my 25 years service in the electrical world.

This is being written because the Editor, in inviting me to contribute to the Christmas issue of the *Inquirer*, suggested I should write to the title " What My Ministry has Taught Me." and this set me thinking about the change in my life which took place in 1955 at an age when I thought I was in a job which would last to age 65 or death, whichever came first ! What have I learned since I began to wear my collar back to front ? Thirty years of professional and commercial life teaches one quite a lot about finance, methods, economy, discipline and sheer hard work. An executive rank at a fairly high level, demanded the ability to manage and administer a large department and deal with all the many staffing problems. All this background has been invaluable to me in my ministry and I shall ever be grateful for my business training and the many good friends who have helped to build my life and character. What then, have I been taught since I entered the Unitarian Ministry ?

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First, that there is a danger in the modern world of us suffering from " Jumboism ". The power of the State, the growth of big business combines and many other trends, make us think in terms of statistics, finances and employment, expressed in figures with a row of noughts at the end. Since becoming a minister, I have been reminded that it is the individual that counts. Instead of talking about Consumers in terms of hundreds of thousands, I now consider men, women and children, who are important to me because we have had fellowship together ; we have shared the deep things of God together; we have passed through the valley of the shadow together. I have been taught not to count the success of a church or a ministry by numbers alone.

Next, I think I have realised that a minister must earn and deserve any respect he gets from his members or the neighbourhood. In the military world one salutes the uniform; in business my position as Chief Accountant called forth at least an outward form of respect, but in these days the nonconformist minister must learn the very salutory lesson that " whosoever would be great among you must be your servant ". Thus I do many things these days that I would have passed on to junior staff in my old life ! The reward of this new approach comes in the loyalty and real affection given to a minister who manages to win the respect of men and women.

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By nature I am a very impatient individual, but I hope my brief ministerial experience has taught me a little more patience. In matters of the spirit one sees that the growth is gradual. We often reap the result of other men's sowing and somebody else may reap our harvest, if we have sowed good seed. A minister generally wants to get on with things at a quicker rate than the congregation but if he is wise he must learn to " make haste slowly ".

Lastly, and the most important thing, the past five years has taught me, is that the Ministry is a full-time job and a worthwhile occupation. I have tasted its disappointments, frustrations and limitations; but I have entered into its most rewarding experiences of fellowship and service. It is not always on the mountain top, often it is in the valley that we find our work. When I took the step of changing my work in middle life, I did so because of the shortage of ministers and because I knew as " a man in the pew " that Churches generally decline without a minister. If at that time I had any doubts about my finding the Ministry too easy after my full-time table in electricity—I have none now ! I work harder and longer, but I get more real satisfaction out of it. I try to serve ordinary men and women of all creeds and none.

So, this Christmas it will be a happier and, I trust, wiser man, who will administer Communion in Gateacre Chapel at 8 o'clock on Christmas Morning and later conduct morning and evening Worship, for he will be a Minister of a much greater Power than the electric power that will drive the motor that works the blower in the Organ.

CHRISTMAS ELSEWHERE

Christmas in Australia

By Tom Wardle

WOULD you think they'd have holly and artificial snowflakes and fur-clad Santa Clauses when the temperature is around 90 ?

Tradition dies very hard. Since Christmas is associated with hard northern winters and only the red berries of the holly to cheer the gloom, here there must be in the ultra-modern streets of Australia imitation holly and cotton-wool snow for a country where the holly fruits in the Spring-time and most of whose children have never seen snow.

Along with the ermine collars for Father Christmas and the Robins on the greetings cards there used to go the full-dressed turkey, roast potatoes and hot plum pudding. A few years of trying that diet with all the fans on, and the perspiration streaming off you has decided most people in favour of ham salad eaten, for preference, picnic-style on the beach.

No Candles

I had a talk with the young daughter of a Unitarian family in Sydney the other week. They came from England a few years ago. How did she feel about Australia ? She wanted to go back. Why ? Well, you see, Christmas isn't the same here. It isn't cold and they don't have fires to sit round and it isn't dark enough for candles, I love candles at Christmas-time, don't you ?

Such are the motions of the human breast.

For my family's part there will be candles. My wife's ineradicable Dutch soul will see to it that the glorious Lutheran heritage of candles on the Christmas Tree is not forgotten. Luther said they reminded him of the stars in the sky, the bounty of beauty from the all-Provider. I think the symbolism goes even deeper than this. Christmas is always a festival of light coming into the darkness of the world, no matter what time of day the sun goes down . . . " there was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world ".

Snakes!

We were wondering what our children would think about Christmas in the sun. They are already adjusted. The presents are the same aren't they ? Well, they are the same in so far as they will be there just the same, but not the same in so far that they will not be the same kind. They understood.

Tents, canvas paddling-pools, bathing horses (the rubber ones) and swings figure high on the children's gift lists at this time of year (though not, I must confess, for parsons' children). Barbecue sets, picnic hampers and gardening equipment are set out temptingly in the big stores for husbands and wives to buy one another. Ice cream will replace the chocolate bars and cold cordial the ginger wine.

At Sunday School there will be a special family service, with children participating dressed in costume representing the figures at the Nativity. The heat will not seem so odd when we remember the general climate of the land where Jesus was born.

After service the children will romp about the large block of land where stands our Seaford Church. But we shall have to watch them for if they roam into the long grass there may be snakes about. Victoria boasts the most lethal land-snake in the world, the feared tiger-snake, smallish and undistinguished it can kill in a matter of minutes. Fortunately land-snakes are for the most part extremely timid and you have practically to put your foot on one to get a bite.

New Year in Camp

On Boxing Day my family hope to pile into the trusty old Puegeot the Church has bought for us and drive over what they call the Little Desert to Adelaide where I am to help in the leadership of a youth camp at Shady Grove, the Unitarian youth hostel in the Adelaide Hills.

After that we shall spend some extra days in the city visiting a couple of cousins we never knew we had till we arrived here. For January, as we are slowly beginning to comprehend, is the Summer holiday month. One grouse the children have about it is that with Christmas coming in the Summer time it doesn't make the winter break much fun. Someone was asking me the other day whether Unitarians in Australia couldn't think up a winter festival to break the monotony of the wind and cold of July !

One favourite way of breaking it is to hop off to Queensland where you can back on a steady 75 most winter days.

A Christian Christmas

Having said all this, let me now add my whole-hearted sympathy with those groups here and in Britain who are seeking to " put Christ back into Christmas ". The one feature of this festival which gives meaning and unity to it wherever it is held, and however obscured by banalities is the joyful affirmation that " The Lord is come ! ". " The Man of Sorrows, born to know each varying shade of human woe ". May his peace bless your Christmas.

CHRISTMAS AT HIBBERT HOUSES

By G. Griffith Sparham

A HIBBERT HOUSES' Christmas in peace-time (or what is now called peace-time) takes place within a camp perimeter. It starts in April ! And the reason for that is that Hibbert Houses, now, of course, exclusively in Cyprus, operate canteens and bookshops (including mobile bookstalls—during the emergency to no fewer than seven neighbouring camps), and if you know anything about the running of bookshops, you will know how early some of your Christmas stock orders have to go in. With us it is the Christmas Annuals that start the ball rolling. They do that, as I have said, in April, from which beginning other Christmas stock comes in from our suppliers, in the United Kingdom in particular, the Services Central Book Depot, through the months, in an increasing stream. And now, as I write, in mid-November, with daily sunshine, and temperatures varying between up to 83 degrees in the shade at noon, and 55 degrees by night (weather very similar to that which, at a lower temperature, we may well have at Christmas, though it can be wet, or overcast, at that time), our shops are decked with Christmas articles and are already bright with Christmas decorations.

Unitarian Lads

Shortly our canteens will be similarly decked out. A Christmas tree, in Cyprus a fir from the Troodos Mountains, will stand in some suitable corner, lit up with Christmas lights.

Christmas boxes will be given to the staff, British and local, Christian or Moslem, for Christmas in the Middle East is everyone's good time.

Over Christmas itself there is so much festivity arranged on a Station, or in a Garrison, that he who opens a club on the two pivotal days labours in vain. But in our chapel we shall hold our Unitarian Christmas service on Christmas morning (wishing you were with us), conducted this year by the Rev. Basil Hopkin, or myself; and in the evening normally we gather our Unitarian lads and other friends together and commemorate the season at our Headquarters house in the customary manner.

This year, unfortunately, some of our particular group being military bandsmen are on duty over Christmas, besides having been recently posted from Nicosia to the south of the Island, over fifty miles away. So we are planning to hold our Christmas gathering, as far as they are concerned, when they get leave in the New Year.

Clearance on Christmas Night

One thing I must not overlook is the fact that this year, since Christmas comes on a Sunday, one un-Christmas-like activity that will befall us will be the clearance through the customs, reception and re-distribution to various parts of the Island, of Sunday newspapers on Christmas night. What in the name of goodness, you will ask, have Sunday newspapers to do with Hibbert Houses ? The answer is this. From the point of view of the Service Ministries, Hibbert Houses are a constituent Organisation of the Council of Voluntary Welfare Work (C.V.W.W.), and as such they are mentioned by name in the Anglo-Cypriot Treaty as one of the "Authorised Service Organisations". There are five C.V.W.W. Organisations at present at work in different parts of Cyprus, each of which runs bookshops, where British Sunday and weekday newspapers are sold at preferential prices to Service men and women. Some of the bookshops and Organisations operate over seventy miles from the Nicosia Airport. Hibbert Houses are within a mile of it. So Hibbert Houses, nightly, clears for the lot. During the emergency I did this job. Now the Rev. Basil Hopkin, assisted by one of our Turkish employees, does it. He will see to the clearance on Christmas night. So, as you gather round your home fires that evening, think of him up at the dark, windy Nicosia Airport freight-shed, a cheerless place, on Christmas night, clearing Sunday papers for distribution by sale through C.V.W.W. bookshops to the "troops". And think of us, as we shall think of you.

A LAYMAN'S DIARY

December 1. The critics have been rather lukewarm about the playwright's share in the comedy *The Bride Comes Back*, which opened a week ago at the Vaudeville Theatre, and which we saw tonight. But the shortcomings of the writing (it does creak a bit) are entirely redeemed by the excellence of the cast. Cicely Courtneidge as a Hampstead housewife, unshaken by the succession of unlikely events which disrupts her Christmas Eve preparations, Robertson Hare as her harassed husband, and Jack Hulbert as a solemn specialist in neuropsychiatry, of all things, give a welcome demonstration of the all-important art of timing in comic playing. It was nice to be reminded that a first-rate humorous actor does not have to laugh heartily at his own performance, and that the real enjoyment of the audience should spring from the fact that the characters on the stage are taking everything that happens in deadly earnest. If only Ben Travers would come out of his premature retirement and write something worthy of these true artists !

December 2. I don't know who invented parking meters, but I think his birthplace should be honoured with a commemorative plaque. Indeed, I would almost be prepared to pay for one myself. For several years my morning bus has groped its way gingerly along Great Portland Street to Oxford Circus, past one, two, sometimes three, rows of parked cars and unloading vans—until this week. Every morning this week we have sailed through with ease, pausing only at traffic lights and bus stops. The reason for the change—parking meters, which began to operate in this area last Monday. The conductor today told me that last Friday his bus had finished one journey 90 minutes behind schedule; on the Monday they completed the same run 5 minutes early. And yet I see from the papers that, in some of our congested towns outside London, local inquiries are still echoing with loud opposition to the introduction of meters.

December 4 (Sunday). Tonight in *Meeting Point* (BBC religious television) the Anglican Archbishop of York (Dr. Ramsey) and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool (Dr. Heenan) sat and talked very amicably with each other for 25 minutes about "Rome and Canterbury". They jointly deplored bigotry and stressed the need for unity; at the same time each was very careful to reserve the unique claims of his own church. I imagine that to many casual viewers the Roman Catholic archbishop made the more straightforward impression; he looked and sounded like a sensible, objective man of the world. The Anglican, though radiating benevolence, was a little too eager to chip in with "Yes, yes", and "Exactly, exactly", while the other was speaking, and then to follow up his apparent assent with some cautious qualification. At one point Dr. Heenan began to speak in rather a promising vein about the "greater unity which binds, under Almighty God, all men of faith, Christians, Jews, Moslems . . ." but unfortunately Dr. Ramsey had to interrupt (quite irreleventl) to say, "and you and I are united in our baptism", which killed a very hopeful line of thought stone dead.

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Meanwhile, at exactly the same time, ITV was giving a 25-minute filmed account of the Archbishop of Canterbury's journey to the Holy Land, Istanbul and Rome, which would probably have been well worth seeing. It is ridiculous that the two channels continue to allow their limited religious broadcasts to "compete" in this way.

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December 5. What is it that makes outwardly sensible-looking people write letters to the papers? Certainly not the expectation of any practical outcome from their ideas. Some months ago a letter of mine (about the need for more teacher-parent co-operation at school) was published in the *Times Educational Supplement*: it was followed by (1) friendly reference in the leading article, (2) free copy of a magazine called *Id*, (3) kind inquiry after my health by Jamie's science teacher, and (4) dead silence. Recently *The Times* has printed a short letter of mine about *An Age of Kings*. Results: (1) appreciative postcard from our Borough Librarian, (2) some leg-pulling at church, (3) voluminous letter from someone in Oxfordshire who says that I am "making life hard for the teaching profession", and (4) dead silence.

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December 6. It was news to me that the first minister of the (now) Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church at Templepatrick, Josiah Walsh, was a nephew of the great John Knox; the Rev. A. Elliott Peaston tells us this in an article on Knox in the December *Non-Subscribing Presbyterian*. I wish someone would explain to me why, in the two main cradles of Presbyterianism, liberal Christianity in Northern Ireland has flourished, after evolving naturally from the established church, while in Scotland it has never gained more than a small foothold in the four large cities. Is it that the shock of "the Disruption" in Scotland in 1843 (which, I think split the established church on a question of government, and not one of doctrine) killed any tendency in Scotland to develop a "non-subscribing" wing? Or could it be that the Church of Scotland is now in fact so liberal that there is no pressing need for a separate Unitarian witness outside the large cities?

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December 7. The current *Unitarian Register*, received today, has a generous review of *Essays in Unitarian Theology* (Lindsey Press, 8s. 6d.), in which Dr. Dana McLean Greeley graciously commends "our British brethren" for being "a step ahead" of American Unitarians. (They have set up a Commission on Theology and the Frontiers of Learning to prepare a similar document, no doubt on a more ambitious scale.)

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Incidentally, I wonder what mid-Atlantic goblins have been waylaying the *Unitarian Register* on its perilous journey from Beacon Street to North London. The issue that the postman handed me today is dated "October, 1960".

Christmas with a Spoon

By Bruce Findlow

THE Japs were in retreat that year—1943—along the north coast of New Guinea and the battalion was part of the pursuing force. After the landing at Lae and the battles around Finschaven, a series of barge-hops from one beach to the next or sweaty, laborious jungle marches had brought it to Siki Cove by December 16th. It looks as if Christmas might be spent there, but on the 22nd orders came to move again.

The advance party left for the beach at 7.20 a.m. but the landing craft arrived three hours late and they eventually got away at 11 o'clock. By noon they had been landed at Lakona Beach—the name belonged to a nearby war-ravaged village—with no enemy in sight or expected. A small headland seemed the right place to set up camp, but before the day was out the presence of suicidal dead Japs in the sea not far below proved the choice to be wrong. First thing, the next morning, the party moved again, and on the new site the main party established itself also when it arrived on foot later the same day—the 23rd. Camp meant little more than a collection of "douvers" and the battalion telephone. A douver was a rough bed of straight branches built a foot or more off the ground to give the rats play-room underneath, with a small roof of one or two ground-sheets, a green mosquito net for walls at night and perhaps another ground sheet or half a blanket to cover the wooden bed. The tommy-gun and few possessions—only a small haversack full—shared the bed.

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It was lucky there were no Japs about, at least none wishing to come out and fight, for December 24th was a very busy day. The word had come on the single telephone wire strung by the signallers as they came through the jungle the day before, that a real Christmas dinner was being flown in ice from the Australian mainland across to the north coast of New Guinea, there to be transferred to landing craft to be rushed up the coast overnight and landed on the various beaches by first light on Christmas Day. A highly perishable ration of turkey and ham with trimmings. Elaborate time schedules were worked out, the cooks set up their rudimentary kitchen in a strategic spot as near as possible to the beach, men were detailed for various roles—the Japs were almost forgotten—and something of the spirit of Christmas began to show itself. Someone arrived with an Australian Comforts Fund special Christmas parcel for everyone and this seemed a good omen promising the safe arrival of the Christmas dinner also.

But there could be no celebrating. At six o'clock the tropical night came down like a blind and, according to regulations, all fires and lights had to be out and all large noises had to cease. Life retired under the mosquito nets of the camp in an aroma of insect repellent and chlorine tablets for the water bottles. The nights were always long and restless; every unidentified rustle among the jungle noises could be a Jap, the familiar scuffling of the rats seemed friendly by comparison. And there was a two-hour spell of duty outside the little world of the net, two hours spent listening for important noises, particularly the lone Jap bomber or the telephone. This night was probably no longer than any other.

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Christmas Day, 1943, came with the light: there were no orders to move on again, the fancy rations actually arrived on time, the cooks worked like inspired madmen in a swirl of smoke and foul language, and the Army Postal Service, with a smirk, arrived with Christmas mail. We sat on the ground to eat Christmas dinner in the steamy heat, out of cut-down meat-tins, with our cut-down spoons. Only a few still had a knife to cut the meat or a fork to scoop or spear the green peas. The gift parcels proved to be good ones this time, the news from home was cheerful, democracy ruled for a day from the C.O. down to the runner. The home-made liquor laid down in a petrol tin in a [illegible] of raisins and [illegible] some weeks [illegible] some beaches before, and gingerly transported each step of the way since, failed to explode as expected. But spirits were high enough for a new experiment to begin at once against the New Year or some local day of victory.

At 6 p.m. darkness came again, and the war still being on somewhere, if not with us, we ended the occasion without ceremony or rejoicing in the nightly ritual of nets, repellants and pills. A year before we had spent Christmas in a glut of Jaffa oranges less than 50 miles from Jerusalem. Where would the next one be ? And which of us would celebrate it ?

Correspondence

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer" 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

Advertising Unitarians

Sir: Bruce Findlow writes that he was amazed at the wording of the Publicity Department's advertisement in the *Observer*, but I feel that many, like myself, were even more amazed at his reaction to it.

I, myself, first became seriously interested in the Unitarian Church some years ago through just such an advertisement, and I feel sure there are many active, religious Unitarians who entered the Church through the same door.

There are several items in Bruce Findlow's letter which I feel should not be allowed to go unchallenged.

(*a*) His remark regarding the position of the advertisement is inept and entirely irrelevant.

(*b*) His remarks regarding the type of person *he thinks* will be attracted to Unitarianism by the advertisement, namely, "irreligious, resentful, layabouts, vague and wordy, and all over sixty", strike me as running completely counter to the virtue of tolerance which the Unitarians rightly rate so high. What right, or ability, has any one of us to make such a sweeping estimate of another's religious standing or worth? And what does your correspondent mean by "Let's hope they 'give well'", are we to take this literally or figuratively ? It sounds rather mercenary to me. Also, what has age to do with it ? I was not aware that the Unitarian Church was reserved for the young and "almost middle-aged". (No, I am not over sixty, although I *am* middle-aged.)

(*c*) I cannot agree that the word "Fellowship" is dated, let alone outdated; a little old-fashioned it may be to some, but that is nothing against it. A wise man, I have forgotten who, once said "There are two kinds of fool, the fool who says this is old therefore it is good, and the fool who says this is new therefore it is better". Did we have a little more "Fellowship" and a little less "Church" religion would be in a far stronger position today than it is.

(*d*) With regard to "new faith"—at the beginning of his letter your correspondent suggests that we are not to wait for anyone to tell us what it is but are to seek it for ourselves, I quote his words, "*I did not know that we sit about waiting for 'new faith' to be discovered, I thought we tried to do some discovering ourselves*"; yet later in his letter he implies that he is in fact sitting, waiting, I again quote his words, "*As to 'new faith' I hope someone will tell me what it is.*" This seems to me to come under your correspondent's own expression "vague and wordy".

In conclusion, is your correspondent quite sure that it is not he who has "a chip on the shoulder".

Yours, W. H. Hutchinson.

Sir: To start at the far end of Graham Short's letter, we are NOT wasting your space. How the Publicity Department spends the Assembly's money is surely a public matter. Secondly, this is the first we have heard of the Publicity Department's eagerness for help "from any source". I am glad to have goaded that admission from him and he will hear from me (and others I hope) very soon. Thirdly, "Edinburgh" did not write the letter: Findlow did, and just for the record, he is affirmative enough to write some advertising for the SUA: to do his own posters weekly, to promote a special series of wayside posters for his own church, to get news items in the local press often enough, to write letters to editors when it seems good. And if Graham Short looks back to the *Inquirer* for the week before the last G.A. he will find that I made some positive proposals then regarding denominational publicity. Some people seemed to agree, but not the Publicity Department. In a word, decentralization.

I am not one who thinks that publicity is the most important thing we have to do—far from it—but if we have anything to say to others and anything to do for others publicity helps, and money being as scarce as it is, we should spend it wisely.

Edinburgh. Yours, Bruce Findlow.

Lawrence's Ghost

Sir: In your comment on my letter you ask, "Why should the language of novels . . . be translated to Unitarian churches and to this paper ?" (The word *translated* could hardly have been more unfortunately chosen, because you specifically mean *not* translated, in the commonest modern sense of the word, but used in the original form.)

Here is my answer.

Everyone who has read your leading article must agree that your meaning was this: Lawrence was a good man and his writings were morally valuable.

If this were true, you should imitate him; for everything that really is morally valuable is suitable for use in the *Inquirer* and in Unitarian churches.

Oxford. Yours, John R. Baker.

Sir: Your correspondent Dr. John R. Baker says in his letter in the *Inquirer* of December 3rd, "If Lawrence's words and thoughts are good, they should be used in the *Inquirer* and in Unitarian churches". They are. I had great pleasure in giving two of Lawrence's poems ("The Hands of God", and "Abysmal Immortality", Selected poems of D. H. Lawrence, Penguin Books) as one reading at the service at the Glasgow Unitarian church on November 20th, while "Pax" (ibid.) has been heard more than once from our own pulpit. Poems such as these hardly support the suggestion that Lawrence was an apostle of sensuality.

Yours, June D. Bell.

A Body of Teaching

Sir: I read with much interest in your issue of November 19th Tom Wardle's comment on my sermon preached at the celebration service for Unitarian Universalist Consolidation. With respect to the nature of religious universalism, he asks whether it is possible to embrace all religious prophets and their prophecies without doing violence to rational discrimination. The answer is that Unitarians have never accepted all the teaching of any religious prophet. We have taken that part of Jesus' teaching and of Christian practice which we found to be true for us and which seemed to us to contain universal truth. We can do the same with the other great prophets and faiths, and emerge with a body of teaching shared by most of them, but with special insights peculiar to each one which we may particularly cherish. We can also enjoy celebrating that part of the festivals of various faiths which we find true and helpful to our own religious growth. It is in this spirit that we of the Community Church of New York celebrate the Jewish High Holy Days, Hanukkah, the Hindu Divali, Buddhist Wesak, and sit down together to a Community Seder at Passover, as well as making much of the traditional Christmas and Easter. In each festival we seek to feel a universal truth and share with one great body of believers its celebration of life. Our own mystique is for mankind, undivided by sect, class, nation, faith or race, but it is an inclusive faith which cherishes every sincere search.

This is an important issue worthy of discussion, and I was pleased indeed to see Tom Wardle's comment.

The Community Church of New York. New York. Yours, Donald Szantho Harrington

Contribution from Christmas Celebrations

Sir: We are sorry not to have informed our churches and your readers before now of the result of the annual Lent appeal on behalf of the work of the Save the Children Fund at the Masan Sanatorium in Korea. It is a pleasure to announce that we have been able to send to the S.C.F. the record total of £303 19s. 8d. This was subscribed by 64 churches, 15 Sunday Schools, 7 groups and society branches and 27 individuals. We are grateful to everyone who helped.

It seemed best to maintain our steady assistance to the Masan Sanatorium. But we should have liked to be able to offer some relief to the victims of the troubles in Algeria. May we avail ourselves of the courtesy of your columns to invite your readers and all our fellow Unitarians to send a contribution, as part of their Christmas celebrations, in aid of a hostel for orphaned girls which it is proposed to open at [illegible] in Morocco. There are several hostels for boys in the area concerned; this will be only the second hostel for girls (the other is in Tunisia). Please send your gifts, before the end of the year, either to our Treasurer, Mr. Dudley Stephens, 14 Kelsom Avenue, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs, or to myself at the address below. This is the only announcement of this appeal. Accordingly, we shall be grateful if ministers and church officers will bring it to the notice of their people.

33 Windsor Road,
London, [illegible]

Yours, Dudley Richards,
Chairman, Unitarian and Free
Christian Peace Fellowship.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

I. *The Christ*

By Philip Hewett

(Minister, Unitarian Church, Vancouver)

I WELL REMEMBER the first Christmas after I became a Unitarian. It was a time, as I suspect it is for many people in the same position, of bewilderment and of largely negative feelings. The story of the virgin birth of Jesus, of "God and sinners reconciled", of miracles and angels and men following a star across the desert, all these I could now openly declare, as I had hitherto hesitated to do, that I no longer accepted. They formed no part of history or of truth, so far as I could see. I was unimpressed by the attempts I saw in some Unitarian circles to tone down and modify traditional forms of expression in order to continue using them. If they were not true, why not let go of them entirely ?

I still feel that this business of altering a word here and there in ancient songs and sayings is pointless, but apart from this my attitude has changed completely since that time. I believe that each Christmas that has passed since then has meant more to me than the one before. This has been the result, I am sure, of a growing understanding of just what the festival is—an understanding which spokesmen for traditional Christianity have done little to encourage and which has often been given little help from Unitarian quarters either.

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The principal thing that has made Christmas meaningful to me is the realisation that it has nothing to do with the birth of Jesus. It has a lot to do with Christ, the figure of myth and theology, but nothing whatever to do with Jesus, the figure of history. The odds are 365 to 1 against the latter's having been born on December 25, and are even greater against his having been born in Bethlehem, or in a stable. It is strange indeed that the reaction of some Unitarians to Christmas should have been to keep it as a celebration of the birth of Jesus and discard all the miracles and mythology. The attitude of an earlier day was more logical. The Puritans who built our older meeting houses adamantly refused to celebrate Christmas at all, and when they were in power during the Commonwealth period outlawed it by Act of Parliament. They thought much of Jesus but nothing of Christ or Christmas.

Sever the tenuous ties which have for the past sixteen centuries linked Christmas with the figure of the historical Jesus, and you are free to join in celebrating all its timeless significance. It is not a birthday celebration at all, for on a birthday we do not recall or re-enact the circumstances of the birth itself. We think of the person concerned as he is now, or (in the case of an historical personage) of his enduring significance. At Christmas we do re-enact a drama in which we are the participants, just as men have done since the dawn of recorded history. We share in the feelings which have arisen spontaneously in the hearts of people of all ages at this season of the year.

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No doubt the most important date in the evolution of Christmas as we know it now was 46 B.C., when Julius Caesar introduced the Babylonian calendar into Rome, and made December 25 into *Natalis Invicti*, the birthday of the Unconquered God. This was no once-for-all event, to be commemorated subsequently in anniversaries, but a recurring festival based upon the cycle of the seasons. It built on the earlier Saturnalia, celebrated with feasting and the giving of presents, and incorporated into itself the significance shared by all the folk-festivals of the northern hemisphere belonging to the so-called "Twelve Days of Christmas", when ancient peoples became aware that the solstice had passed, that light was triumphing over darkness, that the New Sun and the New Year had been born.

The new birth was personified many times in myth and legend, by Dionysos, Aeon, Osiris and others. Pope Leo the Great shrewdly promoted its personification in the figure of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. The name given is quite unimportant, to me at any rate. With Edwin Muir I can say:—

> "I am debtor to all, to all I am bounden,
> . . . . Forgotten prayers
> To gods forgotten bring blessings upon me."

Is there not something elemental in sharing an observance which has been a part of human life since it first emerged into the dim light of history, and which has gathered around it so varied a wealth of symbolism ? Light triumphs over darkness in the newborn Sun of Righteousness; the Mother and Child speak their continuing message of life renewed; the Tree, again a symbol of new life, the ancient Yggdrasil of the Eddas becoming not an ash but an evergreen flaunting life in the midst of death, yet mysteriously transmuted again in Christian mythology into a Cross, with its red berries symbolic of blood; the exchange of gifts, expressive of the warmth of human friendship; the blazing star as an emblem of hope aloft in the firmament, calling forth the lesser lights of Yule logs and candles upon earth: all these and the many other parts of the Christmas observance find their response from our hearts. They are old beyond calculation, yet forever new.

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All stand for what is perennially real in human life. So too do the great themes which have been tortured upon the Procrustean bed of dogma. The central theme in Christian thought has been that of incarnation. And that too can be intensely meaningful if loosed from its cramping historical bonds. There is that in the soul of man which is perpetually newborn and links him to that mysterious power which moves the stars in their courses and the earth through the cycle of its seasons. Words recoil before the attempt to express it. Yet some have made

The Gift

Thy love so freely given
is a gift I scarce dare take
and make my own, remembering the ache
there'll be in other hearts, the riven
sense of loss others will know—
as if you had entered a lighted room
and left them out in lonely gloom,
as if a candle suddenly burned low.

But I will take this gift—
so long desired to make my life complete—
and straightway lay it at the feet
of Him who does our life-and gift;
and pray that He will let me be
the steward of His store of love in thee.

BRUCE FINDLOW

their fumbling efforts. Cyril of Alexandria, an early Christian saint, put it thus:—

> "We are all in Christ, and the totality of mankind comes to life again in him . . . . By dwelling in one, the Word dwelt in all, so that, the one being constituted the Son of God in power, the same dignity might pass to the whole human race."

Try to identify the Christ here mentioned with the historical Jesus, and the whole meaning evaporates. But as representing the power behind the eternal myths of mankind, such expressions can easily enough be translated in terms of the thought-patterns of our own day.

But they should not be expressed in theology. Let them keep their natural form of story and poetry. That is the deepest lesson of Christmas, a timeless drama in which we can all be players, rising above all limitations of place and time as we give ourselves over to its spirit.

II. *Jesus of Nazareth*

By Lawrence Chandler

(Minister, Lydgate Unitarian Chapel)

CHRISTMAS in its religious aspect is often a puzzle and an embarrassment to Unitarians. There is frequently a tug-of-war between our heart and our head at this time of year. For instance, we love the traditional carols, they are part of our cultural and sentimental heritage, and yet their words express or imply doctrines which our minds cannot accept. What are we to do ? Sometimes we throw our scruples to the winds and join in the singing of them for the pleasure of it. Sometimes we go to our Unitarian Church and sing them in the altered versions printed in our hymn books. We feel it is better to sing them even in a mangled form rather than not to sing them at all, but we are not altogether happy about the compromise.

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For the Unitarian preacher the problem is even more acute. Can he in any way share in proclaiming the central meaning of Christmas as it is generally understood, or must he fall back on some subsidiary topic such as "Peace on earth" or "Following the gleam"? For the truth is that Christmas, in its religious aspect, is a vast upsurge of joy at the goodness of God in coming down himself (or, alternatively, sending his son) from heaven to earth, to live as a man among men and redeem poor, struggling humanity from its sinfulness.

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We know, however, that this was no sudden irruption of God into a totally godless world, but that the Divine has always been present in some degree in human life. We see Jesus as standing in the long line of the prophets before him, through whose minds and hearts God spoke the message that man needed. We see no difference in kind, but only in quality, in the revelation vouchsafed through Christ. We think of Socrates and Buddha and others, of the enlightenment and immense spiritual value they brought into the world, and we cannot deny the redemptive power of their lives.

Can we, then, make a fuss about the birth of Jesus, or share in the general festival of gratitude ? Yes, I think we can, for the fact that God has so many ways of working only increases the wonder of his love. Also—and this is the important point—through some souls of exceptional spiritual quality he makes a far greater impact upon the thoughts and lives of men than he can at most times. Jesus was one of these, so that in his life and its effect upon his fellow men we can actually see God working with power in an act of new creation. If we study his mind and life with sympathetic understanding, and realise all that has flowed therefrom in terms of moral heroism, spiritual growth and social advancement, we are filled with wonder, awe and thankfulness. The essential joy of Christmas which the carols express is ours also. The birth of Jesus was not a miracle in the theological sense, it did not suspend or reverse any natural law, but the life of Jesus was a miracle in the popular sense of the word, as something very extraordinary and wonderful. In contemplating it, we are aware of a mystery too deep to fathom, and yet it is a luminous mystery, for it is one with the mystery of our own souls and of the power of God within our hearts.

We, from our liberal and humanistic standpoint, are accustomed to think of history as the record of man's age-long search for God and his slow upward climb towards God. We think of God, or the Supreme Goodness, as the goal of man's striving. We think of Jesus as one who has helped us on our way by discovering and making known a higher truth about God and a noble ideal of human goodness; and we celebrate his birth as that of a great pioneer in the realm of the spirit.

This is quite true as far as it goes, but it shows only one side of the picture. History is not merely the record of a dreary and almost desperate struggle by man to raise himself from the dust, it is also the story of God's age-long and continual giving of himself to man; and in the life of Jesus we see most clearly a supreme act of God's downward-reaching love.

And it goes on. In his or her degree, every soul that is at all Christ-like is a saviour to others, an instrument of God for the world's redemption. To us as religious liberals, Christmas should be, not less, but more meaningful, for we know that the mingling of the divine and the human which it celebrates was not an isolated and never-to-be-repeated event, but was an example, albeit a most striking and extraordinary one, of what is happening all the time.

Book Reviews

A Young Girl's Diary (Unwin Books, 6s.) was first published in 1921. In the editor's preface, a letter from Sigmund Freud urges publication of it and says, "This diary is a gem". It is indeed. It is also unusual for a young girl to have sustained a diary for three and-a-half years, from the age of eleven. Many of the longer entries are concerned with acquiring the so-called "facts of life", but added to this we get a vivid picture of upper middle-class society in pre-1914 Vienna, and the charm of the "little witch", as her father called her, comes bouncing out on every page.

From twentieth century Vienna back to tenth century Japan would seem a long span, but *The Pillow-Book of Sei Shōnagon* (Unwin Books, 4s. 6d.) illustrates a certain continuity of feeling, for the young Viennese of this century could enjoy and appreciate much the same kind of things as could the tenth century Japanese lady. Even the "private morals" of the people were not so different, although the public attitude to them certainly was. The truth—about certain aspects of life—for which the young girl so agonisingly sought, had already been acquired by Sei Shōnagon, a lady of the Court; howsoever acquired, it had been accepted and, as it were, delicately laid aside.

In other ways her small community must necessarily seem strange to us. Instead of writing notes to each other, they communicated in short poems containing literary allusions, and these were tests of the other person's learning. The Pillow-Book reads smoothly, for it has been translated by the accepted master of translation, Arthur Waley, whose notes illumine the whole setting, and without which a great deal would be incomprehensible.

BERYL LEE.

The early Christian Fathers do not make a popular subject. There are such a lot of them, and students are inclined to find the past preoccupations of these far-off gentlemen something of a trial. But these issues are what they are in the West just because these gentlemen of the past had their own notions, and quarrels about them; and it is strange to find how religious issues do not essentially date.

In any case it is likely that if the visits now taking place to the Pope, and the interest that the Roman Church is now taking in Churches outside its one true Church, tend to have importance for Christian unity, the Fathers of the past will have to be re-read and studied, for what they wrote still has importance about the origins of the Christian Church.

Dr. F. L. Cross, the eminent Oxford theologian, in "The Early Christian Fathers" now published as the first volume of those on the subject of English Patrology (Duckworth, 15/-), has given a small masterly summary of the Christian literature, and its authors, existing before the creation of the Nicene Creed. It is to this period and that following it that the ecumenicalists will have to be interested in their contacts with Rome.

S.K.B.

It is clear from recent correspondence in the *Inquirer* that the late Dr. W. E. Orchard, the Nonconformist minister who eventually joined the Roman Catholic Church had a great influence on all who met him.

One of those is an attractive if " turbulent " priest, the Rev. W. Rowland Jones, who has written his memories of Orchard, and those of other more important matters no doubt to Dr. Rowland Jones, in a " Diary of a Misfit Priest " (Allen and Unwin, 25/-).

It is a vivid picture of Orchard for those who would like to read about him, made more vivid by the author's enthusiastic recollections of him. It is a picture of a priest too who was troubled by a social conscience in the days before the war. There are many eccentrics in the Anglican priesthood (and elsewhere!). Professor D. W. Brogan has recently written that we want more of them—but not merely belonging to the clergy or ministry—to make democracy more stimulating and creative in this country. It is to be hoped that a mass will never blot out such men as Dr. Rowland Jones.

E.G.L.

Christmas Hymns for Unitarians

By Arthur W. Vallance

IT'S Christmas, and we must sing carols ! Shall we buy carol sheets from orthodox sources and find ourselves singing (about Jesus) such words as " God of God, Light of Light, Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb " ? Or " Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb " ? No, please not this, because our Unitarianism stands for sincerity in religion, and our Christmas worship should be as sincere as our worship at any other time.

Well then, shall we avoid traditional carols containing such phrases, and sing only carols that need no alteration ? Many people today, Unitarians among them, seem to have insuperable objections to altering the words of hymns. But just as folk-songs have gained their excellence from constant alteration and adaptation, should not hymns gain in excellence by adaptation to the needs of a new age ? One hears it said, too, that if members of other churches come to a Unitarian Christmas service, they are disturbed to find different words in carols they have sung from childhood. But after all, if they do come to a Unitarian church because its atmosphere appeals to them, this is what they must expect to find : that a minimum number of necessary changes in wording has been made with a view to sincerity in worship. " But we mustn't be too critical at Christmas ", some people murmur; " why not let us sing the old carols as they were written, remembering that their language is symbolic ? "

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Here we had better make a distinction. Where we are concerned with the theology of the carols, do we not owe it to ourselves and our visitors to maintain our sincerity ? If we believe that it is important to show the world that we believe that God is always with man and in man, and always has been, and that Christmas does not celebrate a sudden change of method on the part of God, his first " personal appearance " on the historic scene, as many Christians say, but rather celebrates the birth of a man divinely inspired, who left his indelible mark on the course of human history—then we ought to keep to this teaching in our hymns and carols, and avoid expressions such as Jesus " coming down from heaven among men ".

For the meaning of Christmas to us is that God in man is always seeking to lift us up to himself. On the other hand where we are concerned with the history related in the carols—though we may have come to doubt whether there were angels singing to shepherds, whether Jesus was actually born in a manger, whether wise men from the East really came and brought him gifts—we may feel justified in singing carols that relate all this, because this legendary material attached to the story of Jesus is taken as symbolic and has real religious value.

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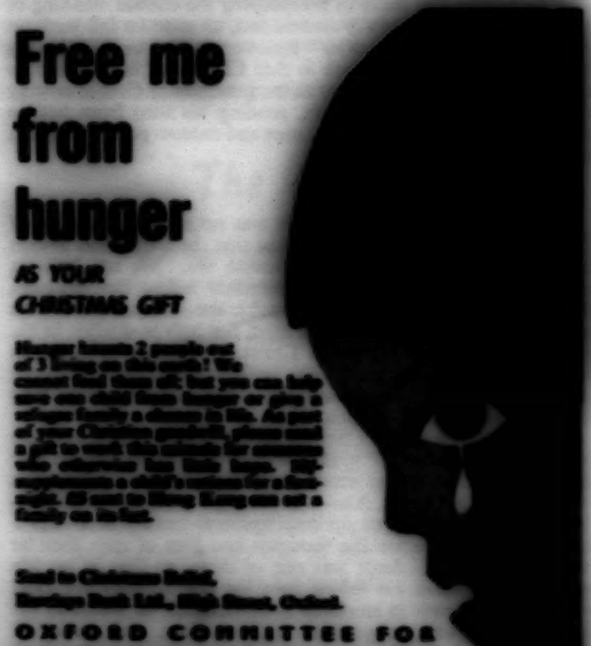
So let us gratefully sing our hymns and carols from our own *Hymns of Worship*, *School Praise*, or the hymn-sheet *Christmas Hymns and Carols* (Lindsey Press, 16s. per 100).

The sub-committee of the General Assembly for revising the hymn book has been at work on the Christmas section. We are not satisfied with some of the alterations offered in our present publications, but is it realised how very few of the traditional hymns offered have had to be altered at all ? In " Christians, awake ! " only three lines are altered, and if some Unitarians find it too orthodox for their sentiment, there is also W. G. Tarrant's hymn beginning " Christians, awake ! ", not really an adaptation but a complete re-writing.

" O come, all ye faithful " has been, we feel, badly treated, and the new book is to contain only acceptable verses from the traditional translation, retaining the refrain " O come, let us adore him ", for the majority of us do not nowadays consider that the word " adore " implies " worship ". " Hark, the herald angels " really has to be altered. We really don't believe that it was the birth (or death) of Jesus that enabled God and sinners to be " reconciled ". God has always been able to forgive repentant sinners. Some Unitarians ask for " In the bleak mid-winter " because of Holst's lovely tune, but the words really will not do : " a stable-place sufficed The Lord God almighty, Jesus Christ ". So we have the beautiful Unitarian carol to the same tune, " In the lonely midnight ", and all Unitarians should become familiar with it. Unitarians, too, have given us " To-day be joy in every heart ", " It came upon the midnight clear ", " Long, long ago in manger low ", " I heard the bells on Christmas day ", " Calm on the listening ear of night ", " As I kept watch beside my sheep;" and a fine modern comment on the Christmas story is the hymn " Above the plains of Palestine ". All these are in the carol sheet along with our own beautiful but anonymous version of " Silent night ", which eclipses the version printed in most books.

So we have plenty to sing at Christmas. May all our carol parties go with a swing, and with good Unitarian carols !



Hunger haunts 2 people out of 3 living on this earth! We cannot feed them all: but you can help save one child from hunger or give a refugee family a chance in life. As part of your Christmas goodwill, please send a gift to work this miracle for someone who otherwise has little hope. 10/- supplements a child's rations for a fortnight. £5 sent to Hong Kong can set a family on its feet.

Send to Christmas Relief,
Barclays Bank Ltd., High Street, Oxford.

OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR
FAMINE RELIEF

[illegible]

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1960

Aberdeen, Unitarian Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Supply
Aberystwyth, New Street Meeting House, 11, Rev. J. H. [illegible] Davies
Ainsworth, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. Gill
Altrincham, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. B. Godfrey
Astley, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Supply
Bath, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 11, Rev. S. Spencer
Belfast, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. Agnew
Belfast, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Dr. H. J. McLachlan
Bessels Green (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Miss E. M. Butcher
Billingshurst, Free Church, High Street, 11, Rev. Dudley Richards
Birkenhead, Unitarian Church, Clive Road, 6.30 (December 25), Rev. Maurice Johnson
Birmingham, Church of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Gordon Stuart
Birmingham, Waverley Road, Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6, Rev. Joyce Hazlehurst
Blackpool, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. A. West
Blackpool, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Frank Lowe
Bolton, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30 Rev. E. Shirvell Price
Bolton, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. A. J. Long
Bolton, Walmsley, 3, and Halliwell Road, 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Wright
Boston (Lincs.), Unitarian Chapel, Spain Lane, 6.30, Rev. Henry Hall
Bournemouth, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. S. P. Whitehouse
Bradford, Broadway Avenue, 2.45, Pageant
Bradford, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Frank A. Bullock
Bridgwater, Christ Church, Dampiet Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. Wm. Millar
Bridport, Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. G. Randall Jones
Brighton, Christ Church, Unitarian, New Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. John Rowland
Bristol, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. Birtles
Bristol, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. Birtles, 6.30, Mr. R. L. Nicholson
Bury, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. Ryde
Cambridge, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. Stewart Carter
Cardiff, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. T. J. Jones
Chatham, The Church of the Great Companions, Hammond Hill, 3, Mrs. Inge Hyde
Cheltenham, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well, 11, Sunday School, 6.30 Rev. John M. Quirk
Chester, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11, Supply, 6.30, Rev. F. H. Shaw
Chesterfield, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. Vallance
Chowbent Chapel, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Twinn
Coventry, Great Meeting House, Holyhead Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. Morris
Crewe, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Supply
Crewkerne, Unitarian Church, Hermitage Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. Dickin
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Friends Road, 11, Mr. L. Gleicher, 6.30, Carol Service
Denton, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 Mrs. A. Schofield, 6.30 Mr. P. Barber
Derby, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Misses P. and J. Capewell
Ditchling, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Rev. Basil Viney
Doncaster, Free Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Alec L. [illegible]
Dover, Adrian Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Sunday School, 6.30, Carol Service
Dublin, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. Savell Hicks
Dudley, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Norman [illegible]
Dukinfield, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply
Dundee, Unitarian Church, 53, Constitution Road, 11, Supply.
Edinburgh, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 7 (1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays), Rev. Bruce Findlow
Exeter, George's Chapel, South Street, 6.30, Rev. Dr. F. D. Meyer-[illegible]
Gee Cross, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. Harry Smith
Glasgow, St. Vincent Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. J. McClelland
[illegible], [illegible] Street, 2, Sunday School, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Cordell
Gloucester, Barton Street, 3, Rev. John M. Quirk
Godalming, Meadrow Chapel (Farncombe), 6.30, Rev. G. [illegible] Beard
Guildford, Ward Street Church, 11, Mr. S. R. Martin
Hale Chapel, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. J. Preece
Halifax, Northgate End, 10.45, Rev. Frank Walker
Hastings, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. [illegible] Hilton
Hinckley, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. E. A. David
Horsham, Worthing Road, 11, Rev. J. [illegible] Hall
Huddersfield, Fitzwilliam Street, 2.30, Family Service
Hull, Unitarian Church, Park Street, 11, Rev. Ernest Penn
Kendal, Market Place, Unitarian Chapel, 4, Family Service, 6.30, Carol Service
Kidderminster, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Edgar W. Hill
Knutsford, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Albert Smith
Lancaster, St. Nicholas Street Church, 6.30, Supply
Leeds, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. B. L. Golland
Leicester, Narborough Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mr. C. V. Walton
Leicester, The Great Meeting, East Bond Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. B. Downing
Lewes, Westgate Chapel, 11, Supply
[illegible], High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. [illegible]
Liverpool, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dr. P. N. Tindall
Liverpool, Bootle Free Church, 11, Rev. C. A. Piper
Liverpool, Domestic Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. Kerr [illegible]
Liverpool, [illegible] Chapel, 11, Rev. S. R. Butler, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. R. Butler
Liverpool, Hamilton Road, Everton, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. C. A. Piper
Liverpool, Hope Street, 6.30, Miss H. [illegible]-Williams
Liverpool, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. B. [illegible]
London, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. Walter M. Long
London, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. John Walker
London, Brixton, Effra Road, 11, Rev. E. G. Lee
London, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30 Rev. [illegible]
London, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 11, Mrs. J. Nicholson
London, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Magnus C. Ratter
London, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 11 (Family Service) Rev. R. E. [illegible]
London, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11 and 7.30 Rev. Donald P. [illegible]
London, Highgate Hill, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. Robert [illegible]
London, Ilford High Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. [illegible]
London, Islington, Upper Street, 6.30, Rev. A. V. Fox
London, Kilburn Unitarian Church, Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. Fox
London, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Dr. Jeremy Goring
London, Mansford Street Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Mr. A. G. Tarrant
London, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. Walter M. Long
London, Strand Unitarian Church, Essex Hall (opposite Law Courts), 6.30, Rev. [illegible]
London, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church 6.30, Rev. R. H. [illegible]
London, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. Arthur Peacock (also 6.30, 1st Sunday in the month)
London, Welsh Unitarian Church at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 1st and 3rd Sundays, 6, Rev. T. L. Jones
London, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Mr. G. E. [illegible]
Lytham St. Annes (Ansdell), Channing Road, 11, Mr. T. M. Jones
Macclesfield, King Edward Street, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. Peter Jones
Maidstone, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. Muriel Hilton
Manchester, Blackley, Unitarian Chapel, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Supply
Manchester, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. H. Bartlett
Manchester, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Donald Mills
Manchester, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Maurice [illegible]
Manchester, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. Hill [illegible]
Manchester, Pendleton Unitarian Cross Lane, 6.30, Supply
Manchester, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Student
Manchester, Renshaw Street Mission, 6.30, Supply
Manchester, Stand Chapel, Whitefield (December 25) 11, Rev. Sydney H. Knight
Manchester, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, Supply
Manchester, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30, Rev. John Gill
Mansfield, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Kenneth [illegible]
Marple, Unitarian Hall, 31, Stockport Road, 11 each Sunday
Mexborough, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. Lawrence Hallworth
Middleton, Old Road Chapel, 3.15, Supply
Newcastle-on-Tyne, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. John [illegible]
Newchurch (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. John Mather
Northampton, Kettering Road Church, 6.30, Miss Nora Patenall
Norwich, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. Kennedy
Nottingham, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. Gordon Bolam
Oldbury, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Harold A. Gore
Oldham, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. Nuttall
Oxford, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Rev. H. L. Short
Padiham, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30, Mr. J. E. Thomas, 6, Mrs. Wager
Park Lane Chapel, nr. Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Gordon L. Clarke
Plymouth, Unitarian Church, Notte Street, 11 and 6.30 Rev. J. R. Blackburn
Poole, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11.15 a.m. Rev. J. W. Dumble
Portsmouth, John Pound's Memorial Church, High Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. John R. Sturges
Preston, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. Alun Williams
Ringwood, Hants, The Meeting House, 11, Rev. Francis Terry
Rivington Chapel, nr. Horwich, Lancs., 3, Rev. R. I. Pritchard
Rochdale, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. F. W. Barr
Rotherham, Church of our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Eric Phillips
Sale, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. John Gill
Scarborough, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 6.30, Rev. G. W. Parkinson
Sheffield (Attercliffe), 6.30, Mrs. P. Smith
Sheffield, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. P. Baker [illegible]
Sheffield, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. Davies
Sheffield, Upper Chapel, 11, and 6.30, Rev. G. Stanley Whitby
Shrewsbury, High Street, Unitarian, 11, Rev. A. H. Lewis
Sidmouth, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. Whitaker
Southampton, Church of the Saviour, London Road, 6.30, Mr. Eric Kay
Southend-on-Sea, Darnley Road, 6.30,
Southport, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. C. Turner
Stockport, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. R. G. Kimball
St. Helens, Corporation Street, 6.30, Dr. S. J. Kennett
Stockton-on-Tees, Wellington Street, 6.30, Rev. A. D. Williams (also 11, Second Sunday in the month)
Stourbridge, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. C. Simpson
Swansea, Pennard Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. L. Baker Short
Swansea, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. L. Baker Short (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
Swinton, Swinton Hall Road, 6.30, Carol Service
Taunton, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. Wm. Millar
Tenterden, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. G. [illegible]
Todmorden, Unitarian Church, 10.45, Mr. W. Holt, 6, Mr. M. Dawson
Torquay, Unity Church, off The Terrace, 11, Rev. Charles [illegible]
Trowbridge, Conigre Unitarian Church, 6, Rev. S. Spencer
Wallasey, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11, Rev. F. H. Shaw, 6.30, Mr. E. E. Lloyd
Walsall, Unitarian Free Church, Stafford Street, 11, Rev. R. J. Williamson, 2.30 Sunday School
Warrington, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. Eric Wild
Warwick, Unitarian Chapel, High Street, 3.30, Rev. H. [illegible]
Watford Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), 7.30 (next Service January 1st., 1961)
West Bromwich, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. R. J. Williamson
West Kirby, Brookfield Gardens, 11. Rev. Maurice Johnson (also 6.30, First Sunday in the month)
Whitby, Flowergate, 2.30, Rev. G. W. Parkinson
Wilmslow, Dean Row, 10.45, Rev. F. [illegible], Styal, 3, Rev. John Gill
York, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Carol Service
The National Unitarian Fellowship provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, N.U.F., Essex Hall 1-6 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. Colin [illegible]
Melbourne, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2; Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m. Rev. V. James
Perth, Western Australia, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship, Rev. R. H. Featherstone, 132, Duke Street, Scarborough, West Australia
[illegible] Community Church, Austin Road, [illegible] (Vic.), S.S. weekly at 10 a.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 2.30 p.m. Minister: Rev. T. M. [illegible]
Sydney, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15, Francis Street (off College St.) 7.15, Rev. D. W. [illegible], Manse Telephone LX [illegible]
Unitarian Fellowship of Australia, 1 Grice Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister Rev. T. M. [illegible]. Meetings as advertised.

CANADA

Montreal, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West and Simpson Street, 11. Rev. Leonard Mason
Toronto, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. John H. Morgan
Vancouver, B.C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1550 Tenth Avenue West 9.30 and 11, Rev. A. P. [illegible]

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 11 and 7, Mr. M. J. [illegible]
Wellington, Service suspended—Enquiries—Mrs. [illegible], Tel. 40-272

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town, Hout Street, 11, Sunday School, 7, Service, Supply

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Engagement

Tench-Benton. The engagement is announced of Norman, B.Sc., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Tench of Horwich, Lancs, and Ann Patricia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Benton of Yardley, Birmingham. Congratulations from both families.

Miscellaneous

Duplicating, Verbatim shorthand, typing (tapes/MJS), translating—Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N.11. ENTerprise 3324.

Christmas Greetings

Mrs. K. Waddington, Maureen and Gillian, send Christmas Greetings to all friends, and thanks to all.

Mrs. E. Susan Grundy

With the death, on November 25th, of Mrs. E. Susan Grundy of 14 Thurlow Road, at the age of 89, there passed the last member of a family who were prominent in Hampstead since 1880, when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baily, moved here from Leeds. They were strong supporters of Rosslyn Hill Chapel, of which Mrs. Grundy was a member all her life. She was educated at North London Collegiate School, and in 1893 married Edmund Grundy from Royston, of the Guardian Assurance Company. Both worked actively for social welfare in Hampstead, and from 1904 onwards Mrs. Grundy was the leading spirit of the Infant Health Committee, first as Hon. Secretary and then as Chairman. When this work was taken over by the Borough Council in 1939 she continued to direct the voluntary activities which supported it.

In both world wars, Mrs. Grundy gave herself in voluntary service. In 1914 she organised an emergency hostel for Belgian refugees in Rosslyn Hall, and between 1915 and 1918 she helped with the reception of repatriated civilians from enemy countries, for which she received the M.B.E. During the second world war, though nearing 70 years of age, she was a voluntary A.R.P. warden and spent many daylight hours manning the nearby "Post 17".

The last time Mrs. Grundy left her house, it was to visit her brother, Mr. Harold Baily just before his death in 1954. Since then she has been increasingly an invalid. But the invalid years never embittered her, never shook her delight in the simple things she could still enjoy—the happy memories of her more active years, the sight of her garden and its birds at her window. She feared the grave as little as her bed, for she brought to it the secret of inner contentment—a life without remorse.

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